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[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

Journey to the North of India, overland from England. By Lieut. Arthur Conolly. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

WHILE the projects of Russia in the south and west, excite alarm throughout Europe, little attention has been bestowed on the gradual extension of her eastern frontiers and the probabilities of her effecting, at no distant period, a complete revolution in the commercial relations between Europe and Asia. Russia is now virtually sovereign of the Black and the Caspian Seas; her fleets on both, may appear contemptible to the practised eye of the British sailor, but they are secured from our attacks, in the one, by the formidable castles and batteries of the Dardanelles, in the other, by the interposition of a continent. Without entering into the dispute respecting the ancient bed of the Oxus (Jihoon), it is allowed on all hands, that a communication might be effected without much difficulty between that river and the Caspian; and thus an easy channel for trade would be opened with central Asia and northern India. Plans for Russian establishments on the eastern shores of the Caspian, have been discussed in the Cabinet of St. Petersburg; and the possibility of maintaining a garrison in Khiva, seriously deliberated. There can be no doubt, that these projects are connected with a scheme for ultimately acquiring a monopoly of the commerce between Europe and India—a scheme which some describe as the easiest thing in the world, and others deride as the most ridiculous whimsy that ever entered the head of a visionary projector. Lieut. Conolly travelled nearly over the exact commercial line that the Russians, if they sought permanent connexion with India, would occupy; he is an intelligent observer; he describes what he saw with a simple earnestness, that at once stamps its fidelity; and as he has no theory to support, he conceals nothing essential to be known in the discussion of the question. A better guide we could scarcely desire, and a more favourable time for the appearance of his work could hardly be wished, for he leads us exactly to the limits of the ground over which we shall soon have to travel with Lieut. Burnes.

In the first place, it appears, that Russia has not yet completely established her power over the wild tribes of the Caucasus; a very remarkable rebellion, of which we gave (we believe exclusively,) an account in our 279th number, proves indisputably, that the mountaineers are not likely to bend the stubborn neck to the mandates of the Autocrat. Our author says—

"The Russians do not yet command free passage through the Caucasus; for they are obliged to be very vigilant against surprise by the Circassian sons of the mist, who still cherish the bitterest hatred against them. In some instances, the Russian posts on the right of the defile, were opposed to little stone eyries,

perched upon the opposite heights; and when any number of the Caucasians were observed descending the great paths on the mountain's side, the Russian guards would turn out and be on the alert. Not very long before our arrival, we learned that a party of Circassians had, in the sheer spirit of hatred, lain in ambush for a return guard of some sixteen cossacks, and killed every man."

But now that Russia has wrested Anapa and Poti from Turkey, the mountaineers may be easily reduced, as their friends can no longer supply them with the munitions of war.

Lieut. Conolly's first intention was, to proceed to India through Khiva, Bokhara, and Cabul. He accordingly entered the country of the Toorkmuns or Turcomans, on the eastern side of the Caspian, among whose wild tribes a Russian colony would enjoy no very enviable position. Their mode of treating their horses would surprise the commissary of a cavalry regiment:—

"Orauz Kellije's horse excited our astonishment: for two days we saw that he got no water, and fed only upon what he could pick up (coarse grass or weeds) as we went along, or when we halted: corn he did not taste a grain of, 'nor should he, please God,' said his master, 'till he reached home, when he should lie down before a hill of it.' He explained this expression by saying that it was their custom when they had no foray in view, to allow their horses entire discretion as to their food. 'We tether them,' he said, 'within reach of abundance, and they know better than to eat too much.'

The Turcomans entertain suspicions of the designs of Russia, and cherish an animosity against that power, which it would be difficult to overcome:—

"Looking hard at my European complexion, he accused me of being a Russian spy; and, when I affected anger at the insinuation, he merely said that it would be well for me if I was not, but that I had much the look of one. He confessed, however, that he had never met a Russian, nor did he wish to do, except for the opportunity of cutting his head off and making kabaubst of it."

In their plundering expeditions, they endure hunger, thirst, and fatigue, without a murmur; their ingenuity in finding substitutes for necessaries or luxuries, may be estimated by the following description of what may be called their "travelling pipe":—

"They wet the ground to the consistency of clay, and cut a small trench, in which they lay a string: then beating down earth upon this, they draw it gently out, and a channel is left, on one end of which they put a pinch of tobacco, and to the other their mouths, and inhale, what my friends described as—'a draught cool as the breath of Paradise.'"

Our author and his friend were made prisoners by their treacherous guides, but, after many difficulties and dangers, succeeded in retracing their steps to Astrabad. His reflections on the virtues liberally attributed, by poets and novelists, to the plundering tribes of Arabia and Tartary, and to the old ma-

† Rolls of roast meat.

rauding clans of the Scottish Highlands, are very judicious:—

"As far as giving to eat and drink, the Toorkmuns are hospitable; but the very man who gives you bread in his tent will not scruple to fall upon you when you are beyond its precincts. This same hospitality of wandering tribes has been so lauded by poets and others, that it has become a fashion to talk as if the virtue existed only among demi-savages; and a man who exercises it shall be excused though he be a thief and a cut-throat. Your person is sacred, and your life is to be dearer to him than his own while you are under the shadow of his tent;—but you cannot remain there for ever. Perhaps at the very moment you are eating his salt, your host is thinking how at a future occasion he may best transfer part of your wealth to himself, and when you do meet him on his plain, the odds are very much against you."

"We are taken with the poetically expressive idiom of the Arab, who, as a hint to a stranger to surrender his property, says, 'Cousin, undress thyself; thy aunt is without a garment;'—but we think it expedient to hang a man who translates and applies the saying in our own country. The fact is, that in our love for the romantic, we judge these wild people nearly by the same standard with which they measure themselves. * * * The virtues and vices of all Nomade people are much the same; they entertain exaggerated notions of hospitality and bravery, but they are generally greedy, mean, and thievish; and, though they may keep good faith with their own race, they will find means to evade the spirit of a pledge given to a stranger, if it be much to their interest to do so. Their hospitality appears greater than that of settled people, because when travelling they rely upon each other for food and shelter; but they must of necessity do so. * * * An excellent illustration of desert hospitality was given me by a Mooselman of Lahore, whom we met at Meshed, who related how, when he went on a pilgrimage to Kerbolah, he was robbed on the road by some Bedouins. They took all his money, and the very clothes from his back; 'but,' said he, 'they've the fear of God before them, they are an hospitable people: when they had stripped me, and were going away, one of them, seeing me nearly naked, turned back, and, drawing an abba from off his own shoulders, bade me take it in the name of God; and afterwards, having nothing, at whatever tent I stayed I got food and a welcome.'"

The similarity between all nomade races, is very great; in nothing is it more marked, than in their pride of birth:—

"In no people is the pride of birth stronger than in the Toorkmuns: these ugly little savages have the most sovereign contempt for their good-looking neighbours, the Persians, and believe that they are the only people of any real consequence in the world: the Syud, once saying to Peerwullee that he had some thoughts of settling in the desert, and asking for his daughter to wife, was answered gravely by this dirty and ragged old villain,—'Nay, nay, Thyud Aga, a jest's a jest, but nothing of that, if you please.' Among themselves (excepting the distinction of Eeg and Koul afore-mentioned), the Toorkmuns possess the French revolutionary motto, 'Liberté, Egalité.' Some respect is paid to old age, and a man of marked courage or

military skill exercises an acknowledged influence over his associates; but, as our rascally guide poetically expressed himself, 'Each Toorkmun is lord of his own tent, and a slave to the beck of no man.'

Most of our readers will agree, that a large army of occupation would well deserve its name, when placed in a wild province surrounded by these sons of the desert; and though Russia might garrison Khiva, the lines of communication would be so often swept by the mounted barbarians, that the fortress would be virtually in a state of incessant siege.

The travellers next resolved to pursue the route through Khorassan and Afghanistan. They reached 'Meshed the Holy,' where Ali, the eighth Imâm, was buried, to whose tomb, all Shiahists believe that a pilgrimage is as meritorious as to Mecca. This opinion was propagated by the Sophis, who claimed descent from the eighth Imâm, and wished to secure their dynasty by the sanction of religion. They reached Meshed during the interesting festival of the Mohurram, or annual lamentation for the martyrdom of Hussein and Hossein, the unfortunate sons of Ali, and grandsons of the prophet. As this is the nearest approach to a dramatic representation among the Persians, we shall extract some particulars of the exhibition:—

'The performance this evening represented the setting out of Hossein and his family on that unfortunate journey to Koofa, (Cufa), which ended in their murder; and the characters were acted by men and boys in proper dresses, who, standing upon a raised platform covered with black cloth, read their parts from slips of paper. The stage was in front of the golden porch, under which, at small arched windows, sat the Prince and a few favoured others. The crowd formed a dense semicircle about the platform, the men separate from the women, who, closely veiled, were made to seat themselves on the left, and the feroshes were not sparing of their blows to those of either sex who pressed forward. The performers on these occasions are men selected for their powers of elocution, and the parts are written by the cleverest doctors; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that a people so alive to the beauties of language as the Persians are should readily receive the impressions intended to be conveyed in descriptions of the fortitude or tenderness, the noble deeds or the sorrows, of the martyrs of Islam.

'The crowd came prepared to be moved, and they were so; at the affecting passages the men beat their breasts, and exclaimed or wept, and the women writhed their bodies, and sent up a low moan from under their veils. The whole circumstances of Hossein's setting out were represented; some splendidly caparisoned camels, horses, and mules being introduced, upon which, after some affecting prognostications, the martyr and his family mounted, and rode round the platform. On ordinary occasions animals are excluded from the sanctuary, but in such instances, it is to be presumed, the part they play sanctifies them. When they got to the end of their stage, the day's performance concluded, and the crowd dispersed. * * * We afterwards made the round of the colleges, and returned to our abode by moonlight: the night was very still; and, lying on the terrace of our house, I could distinctly hear the sound of the devotees beating their breasts in the sahn, to the measured cries of 'Hussan,' 'Hossein,' 'Hussan,' 'Hossein.' * * *

'The next day's performance commenced with an amateur chant by boys and old men, than which nothing more discordant could well be imagined. Next, boys mounted the lower steps

of the membra, or pulpit, to recite verses composed for the occasion, and were succeeded by men, who took step on the pulpit according to their reputation. * * *

The chief performer was unable to attend from hoarseness, and his place was taken by a speaker, who, to judge from his discourse, had not found it a profitable avocation; for his lecture, like an Irish sermon, was interlarded with much personal anecdote, and he occasionally forgot the sorrows of Hossein in his own. 'The eyes,' he commenced, 'which do not weep for Hossein, may they become sightless!—blessed are the tears shed for a martyr, they will cause the face of the believer to shine hereafter!' The waters of the heart thus poured forth, which the angel Gabriel would put into their hands as passports to Paradise; and then he went on to say, 'It is now thirty years that I have been shouting the saint's praises in Meshed, and I am now in danger of wanting bread.' The only, to me, interesting man who spoke was an Arab, apparently not a paid performer, who, making his way through the crowd, ascended the steps, and struck at once into a vigorous strain of nine feet, to which all returned a chorus of the same measure, beating their breasts in accompaniment. The figure and the gestures of the speaker were singularly striking, and the chant was really melodious.

'Then followed the tragedy of the murder of Allee Achber, Hossein's eldest son, who at the *finale* entered with a sword struck into the brain of a false head, and living long enough to recite some pathetic verses, died after the approved fashion of stage heroes.

'The order of the day was to be as melancholy as possible, and those who could not weep unaffectedly, at least beat their breasts and looked unhappy. We noticed one old man below us, with an orange-coloured beard, the fountain of whose sorrows being dried up, he could not for the soul of him squeeze out a tear, and the expression of his face, as shutting his eyes tight and screwing up his beard, he tried to weep, was quite comic. Hearing a stir in an adjoining chamber, I had the curiosity to look through a chink in a door, and saw about a dozen, I suppose the Vuzzeer's, women unveiled, weeping and beating their bosoms at the representation.'

An amusing episode in the tragedy, of which we have never heard before, is mentioned by Lieut. Conolly:—

'Two evenings afterwards I was witness to a more amusing act of the tragedy, which was performed under a tent in the main street. The Sheahs have a tradition that, when the Caliph Yezzed caused Hossein to be put to death, a Frangee Elchee [Frank ambassador] (though from what part of Europe does not precisely appear), who happened to come on a mission to Damascus at the time, exclaimed against the foulness of the deed, and suffered martyrdom for his impertinence. The actor, who personated the Elchee, wore a velvet foraging cap, upon long ringlets which fell down his back and the sides over his face; one coloured handkerchief was tied round his neck, and another on his arm, and the rest of his apparel was Persian. He was altogether a strange figure, but seemed to flatter himself that he was quite an *costume*. * * *

'The Frangee Elchee being introduced with a discordant flourish of trumpets, presented several trays of presents, and, muttering some gibberish which passed for a European language, took a seat at the foot of the throne. A son of Hossein's (Allee, commonly called 'Zein-oo Aubideen, the Ornament of the Religious) addressed a spirited harangue to Yezzed, which I could not follow, but it appeared to affect the foreign ambassador very much. Presently the head of the martyr was brought in on a spear, and thrown at the foot of the throne. Trans-

ported at the sight, the Elchee rose from his seat, and going to the head, took it up, and with passionate expressions of grief kissed it, and then threw dust upon his own: he next began to abuse the Caliph for the grievous sin that he had committed in causing the death of a descendant of his prophet; but Yezzed, enraged at his audacity, stopped his speech by ordering his immediate execution. He was led away to death, but, when going out, he turned, and uttered the confession of the Mohammudan faith,—'La Illah Ill Illah!' &c. The crowd who were assembled on this occasion repeated it solemnly after him, and, lifting up their hands to heaven, cried with much fervour, 'Ullah! Ullah!'

From Meshed, our author proceeded to Herat, in company with an Afghan army, where they found Shah Kamraun meditating an expedition against Candahar. Our readers would not thank us for entering into an investigation of the troubled politics of Afghanistan; we shall, therefore, extract some anecdotes descriptive of the people—whom, by the way, Lieut. Conolly seems inclined to believe descended from the ten tribes of Israel; a theory long ago exploded. The Afghans are formidable robbers, but they are, it seems, surpassed in ferocity by their southern neighbours, the Belooches; of whom his companions told several curious anecdotes to our author:—

'Each person had a story to tell about the wild Belooches: one was, that Hájee Syud somebody had been among them, and seen that they had made bags for their grain, &c. with Cashmere shawls, which they had plundered from a kafilah: the dogs! how should they know the value of a shawl! The burden of the second anecdote was, how Syud somebody else, having been robbed of several camel-loads of sugar, had bethought him of a clever mode of at once revenging himself and doing a public service. On reaching Heraut, said the story, he mixed up strong poison in a quantity of sugar, which he packed on two camels, and himself mounted on a fleet horse, took to the road again. Several times did he pass the dangerous places without meeting the enemy, because he wanted to meet them; but at last they came, and he fled away, leaving his camels in their hands. Thinking, doubtless, to enjoy such another treat as they or their brethren had before done, the robbers paid their hearty respects to the sugar, as those who have seen the fondness of Asiatics for sweets can fancy, and so dreadful was the consequent mortality among them, that the Syud's most vengeful hopes were realized, and it is a standard rule among the Belooche marauders of the present generation, to partake of no edible thing that may fall into their hands.'

At one of the Afghan khails or encampments, a hyena hunt was got up for the amusement of the strangers; it showed, in a very strong light, the spirit of ferocious daring, which so strongly marks the difference between the Afghans and their indolent neighbours, the Persians:—

'We set out about sunrise; a dozen of us on horseback, as many more men on foot, and all the lads of the khail, with some fifteen greyhounds and sheep-dogs. Syud Daoud took up fresh foot-marks of the hyena near the carcass of the donkey, and, with the assistance of two or three other experienced men, tracked the animal a distance of four miles to some large ravines. Here they lost the foot-marks, the track being crossed by several others, and the ground being too hard to receive more than a faint impression; but, after much searching, what with his clear sight, and his knowledge of

the different dens in these ravines, Syud Daoud followed a track to a hole in the side of a bank, in which he decided that the animal, being gorged, had betaken itself to rest.

"A semicircle was accordingly formed before the hole, two or three, who had swords, unsheathing them, and the boys standing fearlessly by them with stones and sticks, or holding back the yelling dogs. Syud Daoud ordered us to be as quiet as possible, in order that he might go into the den and tie the beast; but the hyena, alarmed at the barking of the dogs, came out upon us unexpectedly, throwing over a man who stood guard at the entrance with his sword. The boys, without the least appearance of fear, shouted and screamed, while they rained blows upon the brute's back with sticks and stones, the swordsmen every now and then making a cut at his hide; and they altogether so worried and confounded the animal, that, after running up and down the bank without attempting to attack any body, he turned short and scrambled up the bank, rolled himself down on the other side, and set off at a long canter across a plain. It was some time before we could get our horses round, so that the hyena got a good start: he gave us a gallop of three miles, the greyhounds running alongside of the beast without being able to hold him, and he occasionally sidling his unwieldy body to the right or left to snap at them. At last the beast got into ravine ground, and we lost him; Syud Daoud said that he would not now stop till he reached a place some miles distant, and that we should not get him that day, and, as his word was law on such matters, we returned home.

"I mentioned that it was at first proposed to tie the hyena in his den. It appears a dangerous proceeding, but, according to the accounts of these people, it is not so for a man who has strength and coolness, for the hyena, though a savage beast, is easily frightened; and Syud Daoud was said to have tied three in the course of a day. However, it is of course a very dangerous undertaking for one who cannot sustain great presence of mind, as they testified by mentioning the case of a man who a year or two before had died of a bite that he got in a clumsy attempt.

"Syud Daoud himself described to me the mode of tying a hyena in his lair, as follows:—"When," said he, "you have tracked the beast to his den, you take a rope with two slip-knots upon it in your right hand, and, with your left holding a felt cloak before you, you go boldly but quietly in. The animal does not know what is the nature of the danger, and therefore retires to the back of his den; but you may always tell where his head is by the glare of his eyes. You keep moving on gradually towards him on your knees, and when you are within distance, throw the cloak over his head, close with him, and take care that he does not free himself: the beast is so frightened that he cowers back, and, though he may bite the felt, he cannot turn his neck round to hurt you, so you quietly feel for his two fore legs, slip the knots over them, and then with one strong pull draw them tight up to the back of his neck and tie them there. The beast is now your own, and you may do what you like with him. We generally take those which we catch home to the khail, and hunt them on the plain with bridles in their mouths, that our dogs may be taught not to fear the brutes when they meet them wild."

The Afghans, like the Jews of old, attribute diseases to the influence of malignant demons, and the trade of exorcism is very profitable among them. In no nation are blood-fends more bitter; the following anecdotes fully equal, if they do not exceed, any

thing that has been recorded even of Scottish enmity:—

"Revenge for blood is, with an Affghau, a duty which is rendered sacred by long custom, and sanctioned by his religion. If immediate opportunity of retaliation should not present itself, a man will dodge his foe for years, with the cruel purpose ever uppermost in his thoughts, using every cunning and treacherous artifice to entrap or lull him into confidence, and thinking it no shame to attack him in a defenceless state. • • •

"A friend told me that he was once in the bazaar of the city of Candahar in broad day, when a Ghilgie Affghau, meeting a man with whom he had a blood-feud, suddenly drew his sword and killed him with a blow across the head, and then, escaping to the gate of the city, mounted his horse and fled; no relative was by, and strangers did not feel themselves called upon to stop the murderer. • • •

"Moolá Mohummud, our Heraut friend, told me the following story, the circumstances of which he said he could vouch for, as they occurred in a house which was close to one that he formerly lived in at Candahar, the females of which were intimate with his own. A Doorraunce of the neighbourhood of Candahar had a blood-feud with a young man whom he had long vainly watched, in the hope of finding him off his guard. At last he heard that his enemy had sent sweetmeats to the house of a resident of Candahar, as a preliminary to espousing his daughter, upon which he left his village, and came privately into the city. The Affghans, as before mentioned, have a custom called Naumzaud Bázee (trysting)—the lover being secretly admitted to interviews with his mistress, which frequently last until a late hour in the night. The avenger watched in vain for an opportunity, till the very night before the wedding, when he gained access to a court adjoining that of the house in which the girl lived, and, boring a hole through a wall, lay in wait there with his matchlock. In the evening the lover came as usual to tryst; he had that day sent the customary present of the bridal dress and ornaments, but his betrothed 'through modesty had declined examining them before all her female acquaintance,' and when the young man asked her if she approved of them, the mother explained this, and called her away to look at them then. This was late in the night; the moment she went out, the blood-avenger took aim at his victim as he sat on a low couch, and, in perhaps the happiest moment of his life, shot him dead."

The Russians are said to be engaged in an attempt to conciliate the Belooches and Afghans: it is even reported, that secret agents have been sent to Herat, Candahar, and Cabul. But there is little reason to fear their success; the English possessions would be as safe, if the Russians were on the banks, as now that they are on the Aras, and a march to the Indus is scarcely within the verge of possibility. Russia may extend colonies round the Caspian Sea, and open commercial intercourse with central Asia; but we doubt whether this trade would be found very profitable, and certainly it would not for many years repay the risk and toil; but supposing it to be easy and lucrative, it would scarcely, if at all, interfere, with our Indian trade. The more the empire of Russia is extended in Asia, the weaker does her power become—a truth felt by her statesmen, when they abandoned Ghilan, Mazenderan, and Astrabad.

The Martyrdom of Mr. Robert Glover and Mrs. Lewes, of Mancetter. By the Rev. B. Richings. London: Seeley & Sons.

Some Memoirs of the Life of John Roberts. A new edition, with an Epistle dedicatory to the public. By William Howitt. London: Darton & Son.

THERE is not much in either of these volumes; nor should we have put them thus conspicuously forward, did not the circumstance of our having received them at the same time suggest one or two remarks so obvious as to make it wonderful how they should be ever lost sight of; and did not William Howitt's preface give us a good opportunity of taking a peep into that quiet and almost unknown region, which lies in the midst of this stirring and boisterous world of ours, the people whereof call themselves by the pleasant name of the Society of Friends.

Taken together, these books are a curious comment upon the shadowy fight which has been waged by creed against creed, by sect against sect, ever since the world began. Here are two zealous and pious men—the Churchman fresh from his pulpit, with his tale of two righteous Protestants, martyred in the reign of "Bloody Mary;"—the Friend, as fresh from his meeting-house, reviving the quaint and caustic replies of John Roberts the Quaker, when oppressed by the Bishop of Gloucester—the former earnest to expose the evil doings of Popery—the latter to shake the Church to its foundations;—and neither of the two stopping to consider that so long as man can believe, man will differ,—that so long as human nature remains what it is, the powerful will oppress, and the oppressed will cry aloud and resist; and that it is neither Catholicism nor Lutheranism, nor any other *ism*, which alone is to be charged with the sin of persecuting ambition; but the heart of man, from the time when the baby wrestles in its cradle, to the moment when the dotard drops into his grave.

To destroy, in the hope of settling the public mind, is the vision of the sanguine and short-sighted. If we look at any sect closely, we perceive a priesthood and a popular party—a high and a low church,—and men may divide and subdivide it as they will, and still fail in finding any permanent unanimity—though it may be, that in the fulness of time the number of sects shall have so far multiplied, and the barriers which separate them become so imperceptible, that all will involuntarily unite in recognizing one great principle of faith, every individual making within himself such reservations and qualifications as are required by his own conscience.

But to come closer to William Howitt's preface—let us examine a little that spot of drab which lies so still, and it appears at first sight so unchanged, with the glancing and party-coloured world round about it—kindly, and in all sincerity. The days are gone by when Quakers were caricatured on the stage, and travestied in novels; and to note the peculiarities of a body so remarkable, cannot but be interesting.

In spite of what our Friend asserts in his preface, the spot of drab has changed its shade, though not its colour—the spirit of the Society has undergone no small modification since the days when its fiery and enthusiastic ministers believed themselves called

upon to go into "steeple houses," and denounce the hiring in his surplice; careless of, or even courting, the certain recompense of stocks, stripes, imprisonment in "the hole of little ease," which was sure to overtake them. Time has done its work upon them, as well as upon the descendants of the Lauds and the Cromwells: there is now a great disposition to live at peace with the world, a tendency to abandon and reconsider scruples, the very essence of which is inconsistency—and, among the larger part of their body, a willingness "to submit themselves to the powers that be." The more independent among them—those in whom the spirit of their ancient enthusiasm lives the strongest—are, for the most part, regarded with distrust; some, who have tried to extend (or, as they have themselves said, to restore) the boundaries of their creed, and to annul certain forms, have been separated from their brethren; and among those who remain united in membership, there is still what may be called a High and a Low Church party.

But this submission to constituted authorities, this approach towards a more liberal cast of opinion as regards the indulgences and ornaments of life—is strangely modified by the spirit of scruple which is far from extinct, though daily fading away as more light is let in. In place of the old and sturdy resistance to "priests' demands," many who will not *pay* them, *purchase* what may satisfy the myrmidons of the law, and leave it in their way—without being aware of the complete discrepancy between such a practice and their profession. In place of the days when a Friend refused to take his passage in the cabin of a ship "because it was decorated with carved images," the houses of those who can afford it exhibit not a few of the luxuries of life. The Friend who remains true to her poke bonnet and plain gown (there was a time when a black hood and a green apron was the orthodox dress) thinks it not wrong to sell gaudy silks, and ribbons of every colour of the rainbow, to her gayer sisters of the world. Those who shrink with pain from the pleasures offered by the ear, and consider music as a snare, cannot think that offence comes by the eye, and allow their children to be taught drawing: those who look with positive displeasure upon dancing as an exercise, will permit their young men and maidens to be drilled, and that by a military man—while they consider the existence of an army as a leprosy upon the face of the country, and are bound, according to their own principle, to extend no favour nor countenance to any who may belong to it, directly or indirectly. We mention these facts neither reproachfully, nor in derision, but merely as illustrative of the self-delusion into which the most conscientious may fall. Their effect upon the young, however, is painful, and this we seriously think demands attention. If eyes and ears and understandings could remain only half opened, the modern system of Quaker education, with its allowances and restrictions, might answer the end proposed. But watch as they will, and guard as they will, parents cannot regulate the degree of mental twilight so rigorously that their children will not, through some chink or crevice, learn that there is a brighter and livelier day without; and we firmly believe, that few have so great

a curiosity after worldly amusements as the young people of this society—that few among them have not, some time or other, broken through the strong restraints of habit and precept, and tasted forbidden fruit, made poison to them by their own misgivings and subsequent necessity of concealing their having eaten of it. The list of pleasures thus enjoyed in secret—of theatres and ball-rooms attended in borrowed clothes, and with a mixture, half of delight, half misery of heart—of music surreptitiously heard—of play-books hidden among innocent muslins and grave shawls—would be immense;—nor would the tales of the stratagems resorted to (always within the *letter* of truth) to conceal these aberrations from the narrow way, be much less in number. The result of all this is disingenuousness among the young—and when the passions have subsided, and a desire to speak the strict truth succeeded to the wish of making words conformable to facts with a double sense, (so as to satisfy their own consciences without incurring the reproach of their elders,) an habitual hesitation and vagueness of expression among the middle-aged, which has made a Quaker answer a proverb, and stamped the Society in the eyes of the world with an imputation of cunning and insincerity, which we believe to be undeserved.

As, then, it is vain to hope for a revival of the enthusiasm of the early days of the Society, which, indeed, in the present century, would be wild staring fanaticism, we observe with pleasure any progress being made towards overtaking the times, and laying by the austerities and prejudices which belonged to periods of persecution and imperfect enlightenment. The circumstance of the Yearly Meeting having sat to reconsider its rules of discipline, is a good omen of what is to come; and we hope to see the day when a body about which there is so much to love and admire—one so rich in private charity—so nobly independent in the maintenance of its own poor (whence an absurd notion has prevailed that the indigent were not allowed to remain members of it)—so eminent in the cause of humanity—shall add to these great and good characteristics the further one of living in the world, and not *for* the world—of opening its doors wide for the cultivation of mind, and receiving into its bosom the arts and sciences, not as snares for the senses, and bewilderments for the reason, but as emanations of beauty and wisdom proceeding from the Eternal!

The Revolutionary Epick. The Work of Disraeli the Younger, Author of 'The Psychological Romance.' London: Moxon.

THE intention of Mr. Disraeli in this mystical epick, is, we conceive, to shadow forth the history of Modern Society. The Genius of Feudalism, and the Genius of Federalism, with Faith and Fealty, are the living persons of his drama; but these are merely names: the characters thus brought forward, have neither human feelings, purposes, nor passions, nor has the poem itself either plot, or incidents—it is the solitary speculation of a philosophic dreamer. We have, first, a general view of Society during the last ages of the Roman empire; then comes the inroads of the northern nations, and the establishment of the feudal power,

with encomiastic digressions about religion, loyalty, aristocracy, followed by censure and scorn of equality, federalism, and what are considered the republican virtues.

Whatever may be the merits of Mr. Disraeli as a poet, assuredly, as a reasoner, he does not rise to "the height of this great argument"—he does not meet and fairly grapple with the difficulties of his subject: his adversary is not the living giant, of the thews and muscle proportionate, which we know him to be, but a phantom, an unreal mockery, of the poet's creation, whose weakness is the measure of his own strength. Mr. Disraeli may be assured he would find a weaver-boy, or a Sheffield cutler, a far more "troublesome customer" in a fair, stand-up, intellectual fight. The philosophy of the subject we therefore dismiss at once.

Of the poetry, we shall give a few examples. Here is the old Roman world in its imbecility and dotage:—

That antique globe seemed then in its decay;
Creeds, customs, statutes, changing like a dream,
The dying dream of dim decrepitude,
Feeble and nerveless, wild at once and weak.
A change that had no order and no aim,
The shifting of the sufferer in his cell,
Who varies torture with his restlessness.

Here are the fierce barbarians of the North descending from the snow-crowned Alps, and catching a first glimpse of sunny Italy: it is a splendid passage, and there are few in the poem that equal or approach it:—

The pathless crags
Echo their wandering clamour; and wild birds
Shriek at these wilder things, and shrieking fly.
Emerging from the clouds, they gaze upon
The expanding lustre of that teeming world,
O'er whose bright dream the warriors oft had mused,
By the cold rivers of their iron land.
They gazed, they paused, some shouted, and some
wept,
And some fell down upon their aching knees,
And praised their uncouth Gods; the women clung
With fearful rapture to the sturdy necks,
Whose courage they had rivalled, till the sight
Of all their hopes recalled their womanhood,
Or tossed their children in the clearer air,
To taste the rising fragrance of the land.

Faith and Fealty are represented as two fair youths; here is the description of them on their first appearance:—

Most beauteous boys, for on their tender cheek
Still bloomed the down, indeed most beautiful!
For not two equal stars in the same sky
Serenely shining; not fraternal flowers
From the same graceful stem their fragrant life
Expanding; nor upon a sunny branch
Two sparkling birds their gushing lyrics trilling,
And making all the woods a roundelay;
No! not two antelopes in sportive love
Exulting in their free-born wilderness,
Some green Oasis of their desert world,
Some spot of palmy springs—more beautiful,
More bright, more sweet, more fancifully fair,
Than these same minions of this mountain land!

Less courteous critics will have little difficulty in finding passages of a different character.

The Naturalist's Library. Mammalia. Vol. II. Felinae. By Sir William Jardine, Bart.; Plates by Lizars. Edinburgh: Lizars.

The Miscellany of Natural History. Vol. II. By Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. Felinae Species, by William Rhind, Esq., M.R.C.S.; Plates by Kidd. Edinburgh: Fraser & Co.

By nothing is the cause of science more effectually served than by honourable literary rivalry; by nothing is it more disserved than by trade competition. It is fair and commendable to rival a work already in progress, by bringing out something newer and better; it is unfair and condemnable to attempt the same end, by adopting its plan, and imitating

its peculiarities,—thus seeking to deprive its author of part of the reward justly due to his invention and ingenuity. We fear the 'Miscellany of Natural History' must be considered as falling within this charge; indeed, when we say "fear," we are to be considered as merely using a conventional phrase,—the fact we have already proved in a manner admitting of no reply; and even, were further confirmation required, need we look for it beyond the present volume, which contains "the Feline Species, with a Life of Cuvier, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder," some months after "the Feline Species—with a Life of Cuvier, by Sir William Jardine," was advertised as a number of the 'Naturalist's Library'! This is a subject which it was our duty to note, but on which it can be no pleasure to dwell; we, therefore, willingly turn from it to an examination of the merits of these two little volumes, which are thrust into a competition so obvious, as to make it impossible to avoid speaking of them as rivals. Both exhibit care in compilation; both are furnished with illustrations sufficient to make them abundantly cheap, but the 'Naturalist's Library' has decidedly the advantage in general accuracy, in the anecdotic character of its matter, as well as in quantity, exceeding the 'Miscellany' in this point by more than one-third. It also corrects some errors, into which this latter seems to have fallen. Thus, in the 'Miscellany,' page 96, we find an account of a lad shooting a tiger at the Cape of Good Hope, where Mr. Rhind, as a naturalist, should have known there are no tigers; though the person from whom he takes the account gives the name, as is common in Africa, to some other large animal of the cat tribe. This he might have remembered, had he ever looked into Poirer's 'Voyage en Barbarie,' in which this mistake is particularly alluded to, and zoologists warned against falling into it; the matter, however, is equally well corrected in the 'Library,' by the express statement, page 140, that "the tiger is exclusively confined to the Asiatic continent." Mr. Rhind seems to think that the *maneless* lions, of which representations occasionally occur in ancient sculpture, were nothing more than "the imaginary fancies of the artist, unacquainted with the true characteristics of the lion"; the following passage from Sir William Jardine gives later and more accurate information on the subject.

"Among the figures represented on the hieroglyphic monuments of Upper Egypt, a lion is represented without a mane: and it was conjectured, that an animal with this character must have at one time existed, or most probably did still exist in some of the more unexplored districts. The first notice of any grounds for this conjecture proving true, is in a note to Griffiths's Animal Kingdom. 'Major Smith was lately informed by Professor Kretschmen of Frankfurt, that he was in expectation of receiving from Nubia, the skin and jaws of a new species of cat, larger than the lion, of a brownish colour, and without mane.' Within these few months, skins of a large maneless lion, from Guzerat, have been exhibited to the Committee of Science of the Zoological Society; and we understand that a detailed description of them is preparing for the next part of the Transactions of the Zoological Society; so that we may soon expect to see this point set at rest. We shall anxiously look for the appearance of this volume."

Both volumes contain a biographical notice of Cuvier, compiled from Mrs. Lee's 'Memoir,' and the 'Eloge' of Baron Pasquier. We think Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's is rather more agreeably written; Sir William Jardine's has the advantage of a note from M. Duvernoy, affording some additional particulars. Both have also a synopsis of the Feline tribe; Sir William Jardine's is the most comprehensive. His plates, too, are in general superior, but we will except the Asiatic lion, in which it appears to us that the engraver has not done justice to the artist. On the whole, the present is the best number we have seen of the 'Naturalist's Library'; to say the same of the 'Miscellany,' would appear no great compliment to any who might remember our review of the only other number of it which has appeared,—the 'Parrot Tribe,' by Capt. Brown.

We shall conclude our notice by an extract from each. The first is quite a William Tell achievement; it is originally from Professor Lichtenstein's Travels: we give it from the 'Library.'

"When passing near the Riet river-gate, and while our oxen were grazing, Van Wyk, the colonist, related to us the following interesting circumstance. 'It is now,' he said, 'more than two years since, in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house, near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was without, near the house, busied in doing something to a waggon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived, when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible, yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance I had set it into the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in; and, still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed: and invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more.' Indeed, we all shuddered as we listened to this relation. Never, as he himself observed, was a more daring attempt hazarded. Had he failed in his aim, mother and children were all inevitably lost; if the boy had moved, he had been struck; the least turn in the lion, and the shot had not been mortal to him. To have taken an aim at him without, was impossible; while the shadow of any one advancing in the bright sun, would have betrayed him; to consummate the whole, the head of the creature was in some sort protected by the door-post."

The other, from the 'Miscellany,' is a sin-

gular description, originally from the pen of Mr. Lacroix, Missionary, by whom the scene was witnessed.

"About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we cast anchor in the Burchurra Nuddee, with an extensive forest on both sides; when, at about a hundred yards from us, an Alligator came out of the river, to enjoy his noontide sleep in the rays of the sun. After remaining there about half an hour, apparently in a sound sleep, we observed an immense Tiger emerging from the jungle, and bending his steps toward the place where the Alligator lay. In size the Tiger exceeded the largest we had ever seen; and his broad round face, when turned towards us, striped with white, his fierce eyes, with the amazing apparent strength of his limbs, made the stoutest heart on board tremble at the thought of encountering such a dreadful foe. With the most cautious pace imaginable, the Tiger approached the Alligator; his raised foot remained up for some seconds before he replaced it on the ground; and so he proceeded till he came within the power of his leap, when exerting all his strength, and bounding from the earth, he descended immediately upon the Alligator's back, and seized it by the throat. The monster of the deep, roused from his slumber, opened its tremendous jaws, and lashed its terrific tail; and, while the conflict lasted, each seemed to exert its utmost strength. The Tiger, however, had the advantage, for he had grasped the Alligator in a part of the neck, which entirely prevented him from turning his head sufficiently round to seize his antagonist; and though many severe blows were inflicted on the body of the Tiger by its saw-like tail, the noble beast of the forest, when the battle was concluded, shook his brawny tail, and seemed unconscious of any pain. Having overcome the Alligator, he dragged it a little farther on the shore, and sat over it exactly in the attitude of a cat sitting over a captive mouse; he then took the creature in his mouth, and gently walked off with it into the jungles. About ten minutes after, we saw the Tiger emerge from the forest; and after gazing at us for a few minutes, and perhaps imagining that we were almost too far from the shore to allow him to add us to the number of his trophies of victory and blood, he slowly pursued his course in a different direction to where he had left his prey, and we saw him no more. In less than an hour afterwards, the Alligator, who had been stunned, but not killed, crept out of the jungle, and though evidently much injured, yet with some difficulty reached the river. He, however, was too much lacerated to remain longer in the water, and soon came again to land; but took the precaution of exposing but a part of his body, and keeping his face toward the shore: he continued but a very short time, and again launched into the deep, repeating his visits to the beach almost every quarter of an hour whilst we remained. The sight was certainly dreadfully magnificent, and one, we believe, which is very seldom witnessed."

We have said what we fairly could for both volumes; they are cheap, pretty, and entertaining,—but not half so entertaining as the idea that natural history could be learned from either.

Cleone, a Tale of Married Life. By Mrs. Leman Grimstone. 2 vols. London: Effingham Wilson.

THOSE who drew their early nourishment from the old romances, in which trap-doors and ruined castles, and lights gliding through lonely burial-places, and stern swarthy villains, are "plentiful as blackberries"—those who have been accustomed to rejoice in tales of a gentler, though no less intricate, plot, telling

of lost children and lost deeds, both coming to light at the precise moment when it is proper to end the woe of the four volumes, will be apt to turn over this book with impatience and uneasiness; for its story has been obviously regarded by the writer as nothing more than a peg whereon to hang the tissue of her own philosophy. But, leaving the question of the proportions in which purpose and incident should be intermixed, so as to form the most perfect combination, let us do justice to the single-mindedness of the author of 'Cleone,' to the bold yet womanly manner in which she asserts the rights of her sex, while she encourages them to merit those rights, and to the healthful spirit in which she regards life—not merely as a thorny desert, where meanness, and tribulation, and disappointment, abound, but as a place where there is good for all who will gather it, and beauty discernible by every eye not perversely and premeditatedly blind.

The story, as we have said, is simple almost to poverty, and is retarded by not a few conversations and digressions. Cleone, its heroine, is appointed to endure the lot of Griselda, under the tyranny of a bigoted, avacious, and gloomy husband, whose character, by the way, darkens somewhat too suddenly: the novelist should show the changes which come over the nature of his creations as much as possible, and speak of them as little. The bitterness of Cleone's married life is heightened by the remembrance of an old affection which she sacrificed. The authoress has done wisely in treating this part of her story, and avoided the train of incident and struggle which a more commonplace hand would not have failed to introduce. Further than this we will not tell, as, though we have described the book as being devoid of plot, we ought to confess that its conclusion took us by surprise, in spite of our gift of prophesying how the tangled skein is to be unravelled, which rarely fails us.

We must extract a family picture, to show that if Mrs. Grimstone has chosen the discursive rather than the graphic, it is not from necessity:—

"Mrs. Hawkins was just the moral mate that such a man would choose; she had aided in building the bulky fabric of their fortune; and thus more than the reflected and collateral importance of a rich man's wife attached to her. She was in aspect a female Falstaff, with all the burly knight's self-love and self-conceit, but without any of his wit or good-humour.

"In the masquerade of life, gravity is the garb in which imbecility loves to array itself; and it may generally be remarked, that those who have least in their own heads are most ready to shake them at others.

"Mrs. Hawkins's five daughters, destined probably, in after life, to luxuriate, like herself, into rotundity of form, were singularly spare, with shrewd severe faces. Already the frequent frown had antedated their brows; the character of age, by the agency of unkindness, was marked upon them. Seated around their massive mother, they might, not unaptly, be compared to the slices of lemon that garnish a fillet of veal, and they appeared to have quite pungency enough to relieve all her insipidity."

What follows may not be new, but it is well said:—

"My dear aunt, mankind are like pigs. I have heard that the sure method to make the

swinish multitude go one way, is to pull them the other; and surely to some such cause we must attribute the labour-in-vain work of our divines, who have for eighteen hundred and twenty-five years been endeavouring to draw men up, without at all diminishing their obstinate determination to go down."

"It is this very resolute *drawing up*, as you call it, but which seems to me more like *driving up*, that is the cause. Coercion is so directly hostile to human nature, that it ever produces resistance; and not one in a million will consent to be even pleased upon compulsion. It appears to me that no reformer—and I am compelled to include you among the number—ever takes the trouble to study the material they would improve. You all, whether lay or clerical, want two great essentials—truth and persuasion. For instance, you tell your pupil, vice has no pleasures, and virtue no pains. Is this true? No; and a very little experience enables him to find this out; and when he does, he disbelieves all the rest of your doctrine, and seldom takes the trouble to learn of any master but that one who will teach, though at a high premium—Experience. Instead of this, tell your pupil that vice has pleasures, and virtue pains; and, with this honest acknowledgment, proceed to show results—that, in their several progresses, the alluring wine-cup becomes a poison-chalice, and the bitter fruit full of sweetness and refreshment.—When you cease to deceive, you will be believed; and when you are believed, you will be obeyed. As for the second point—place in all its pure attraction that picture which it is your wish men should admire and imitate; they will approach of their own accord, and admire from the necessity that makes beauty always admirable. This truth in teaching will produce truth of perception, and grace of delineation will give power to your purpose."

Our next and last extract is the conclusion of a long dialogue; we recommend all the sex to lay it to heart. They should, every one of them, read 'Cleone,' and it is their own faults if they do not rise from its perusal wiser and happier. If, in the strange times which some say are coming, when women are *publicly* to govern the world, (how long we have privately borne their yoke it would not be discreet to tell), and Miss Martineau is to take her seat on the woollack, we hope that Mrs. Grimstone will be promoted to the see of Canterbury.

"Nature has given woman an influence over man, more powerful, more perpetual, than his over her: from birth to death, he takes help and healing from her hand, under all the most touching circumstances of life: her bosom succours him in infancy, soothes him in manhood, supports him in sickness and in age. Such influence as this—beginning at the spring of life, and acting in all its most trying moments—must deteriorate or improve man's character—must diminish or increase his happiness—according to the moral and intellectual elevation or degradation of woman. Thus, upon her improvement in particular, depends human improvement in general. Call, Rosina, upon all women to rise to a work that will bring such 'exceeding great reward.' Tell them to think more of their sex, and less of themselves—and more of universal humanity than of either. The rivalry of pretty faces and French fashions, the cruelties of coquetry, and the follies of flirtation, are all *blasphemies* against their own power, their own privilege—that of perfecting the moral happiness and intellectual character of human nature."

Oaths; their Origin, Nature, and History.
By the Rev. J. E. Tyler, B.D. London: Parker.

THE design of the reverend author, in this volume, is to examine, whether oaths are lawful to a Christian—whether the mode in which they are at present administered is calculated to promote the ends of truth and justice—whether any, and what, changes are desirable in the present system. In the examination of these questions, Mr. Tyler displays abundant learning, great logical acuteness, a mild and conciliatory spirit, but also an excess of caution that borders upon timidity. Interpreting very literally an aphorism whose authority is exceedingly questionable, that "change, generally speaking, is in itself an evil," he avoids any direct attack on "things as they are," venturing only

To hint a fault and hesitate dislike.

This is especially manifest in his notice of the University Oaths, where he avoids pronouncing sentence on the nonsense of compelling men to swear to observe statutes which they have not read, and which, if they did read, it would be impossible for them to obey. Every one has laughed at the absurdity of the old Oxford oath, with an *et cetera* in the middle of it; but an oath with an explanation appended to it, all but directly contradicting the original, is just as little creditable to University wisdom. Yet, though we complain of Mr. Tyler's excessive caution, we cannot hide from ourselves that his work is likely to be more effective than that of a bolder writer: energetic denunciations affront the timid and confirm the obstinate,—mild admonitions awake no fears, and provoke no resistance.

In tracing the origin of oaths, Mr. Tyler enters into a minute and careful examination of all the oaths recorded in the Old Testament, the mode of swearing used among the Greeks and Romans, the oaths deemed most valid in the middle ages, and, finally, the present forms used in various countries. Of the learning and ingenuity displayed in this investigation, the following extract affords an interesting specimen:—

"The *Canterbury Tales* offer us a melancholy picture of the state of conversation among our forefathers in this respect. Some of their oaths are scarcely intelligible to us now without considerable research. Others are curious, though familiar to the generality of readers. The priest says—

For on my portos here I make an oath;
meaning the case in which his breviary, or prayer-book, was kept. The giant is made to swear by the Saracen Deity Termagant, whose violent and tyrannical temper has given a name to that idol's representatives among us. The greatest oath sworn by the Prioress, is 'by St. Eloy.' Among others we find 'by St. Paul's bell;' 'by the good rood,' i. e., the cross; 'by God's book;' 'by Christ's foot;' 'by God's arms two;' 'by nails and by blood;' with much which savours strongly of blasphemy, and from which piety recoils. 'By ale and by bread' is an oath which corresponds with one of those trials by ordeal which so long disgraced our country, when the juror solemnly imprecated upon himself, in case of guilt, the curse of his food choking him; whence, in many parts of the country at this day, it is a saying, if one of the company at a meal indulges in an untruth, 'Take care, your meat will choke you.'"

There is one curious piece of superstition, connected with asseverations, both in ancient

and modern times, which Mr. Tyler has left unexplained, and on which we must therefore make a few brief remarks:—

"The low Irish of the present day, in their more solemn transactions among each other, ratify their engagement by swearing upon a copper or silver coin, generally upon a half-penny or a sixpence, which they kiss, using these words: 'By the *oorth* (worth—not value but virtue) of this coin, I swear.' Heineccius tells us, that this was an old German custom before the introduction of Christianity. And the ancient Byzantines swore by their own copper coins."

Now, neither the Irish, nor the Germans, nor the Byzantines, must be set down in this instance as worshippers of the *Diva Pecunia*; the form of oath arose from the custom, both in Christian and Pagan times, of having religious symbols engraved on the coin. If Mr. Tyler will take a walk through his own parish, (St. Giles's), he will hear many complain that "they have not a *cross* in their pockets;" and if he inquires more curiously, he will find that a small coin is often worn as an amulet by the little urchins that run ragged about the streets.

Two very curious circumstances mentioned by Heineccius deserve to be quoted:

"By the laws of the Alamanni the males used to swear, raising their hand either to heaven, or the altar, or the book, or the case of relics upon the altar; whilst females swore laying their hands upon their bosoms. They called it, 'The oath by the bosom.' This form was observed in modern Germany, at least, till our author's time: whether it is still retained I know not. Its origin is very curious. Women and boys were generally accustomed to carry on their bosom, suspended from their neck, a small copy of the Gospel: so the hand when laid upon the breast, was in reality laid upon the Gospel. Priests swore in this manner, (as indeed they do to this day in Spain and in some parts of Italy, particularly in the Roman States), and Heineccius hints, that this privilege was granted to the priests, because they were supposed to have the Word of God written in their hearts. Be this as it may, it is a remarkable fact, that Chrysostom speaks distinctly of the custom generally prevailing in his time, of women and young persons carrying about with them the Gospels on their bosom, hanging from the neck. This same most interesting author, (Heineccius,) describes an imposing scene of which he was an eye-witness when a boy, in so graphic a manner, that I cannot help attempting to translate it verbally. * * * 'I remember when I was a boy, I was present when a man suspected of some heinous crime, purged himself from the charge by oath. I there saw, not without somewhat of horror, all the windows closed with curtains, and on the table at which the judge and the ministers of the Church sat, there was placed a Bible, a skull taken from a skeleton, the image of Christ nailed to the cross, and, unless I am mistaken, a sword and iron gloves; tapers glimmering here and there, the accused on his knees, holding up his fingers, and binding himself by the oath. The doors were thrown open, and all persons admitted promiscuously.'"

We by no means agree with our author in admiring the dramatic ceremonial with which the last-mentioned oath was administered; sure we are that a repetition of it in the present day would excite ridicule rather than reverence. And this leads us to consider, whether the present English system of oaths ought to be maintained, or, what is the same thing, whether it affords any security to truth and justice. Oaths of office first claim our attention, and of these Mr. Tyler at once

disposes, by the unanswerable argument that the breach of an official oath is not punishable as a perjury. *In foro humano*, the sworn and unsworn officers guilty of malversation are subject precisely to the same punishment. Thus considered, the oath affords no additional security, and as little will its value be found *in foro conscientia*; for he who is guilty of speculation will make no scruple about perjury. Our author well observes, that the acceptance of office should be regarded simply as a compact, for the breach of which the contractor should be subjected to a known and definite penalty.

Judicial oaths present a seemingly greater difficulty: perhaps in such cases a declaratory form, reminding the witness of his future responsibility to an Omniscient Judge, should be used; but, even here, a diligent sifting of the evidence by cross-examination has been found much more efficacious than any form of oath ever invented. Our author suggests that, whatever form be used, it should be administered to jurors and witnesses by the Judge himself, and not by an inferior officer. There is much wisdom in this suggestion, and we think a solemn affirmation, administered with due attention to its importance, would be more effective than our present awful imprecation, read as if it were an old song by a careless clerk.

We have been much pleased with Mr. Tyler's book; he does not go so far as we should be inclined to do, but his suggestions are, on that account, more likely to meet attention among the persons most necessary to be influenced.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Eustace Conway; or, The Brother and Sister.*'—Will no one write a novel, the interest of which shall depend upon a good and strikingly original plot? That this is a matter of difficulty, is evident from the eagerness with which our modern manufacturers of fiction betake themselves to rhapsodizing or philosophizing—to any thing, in short, which shall spare their wits the labour of contriving "how the lovers are to be got off their knees." If we can be won to excuse the want of this first requisite of a story, it must be by subtle and vivid delineation of character, or such glowing descriptions of scenes and manners, as set the dead of other years, and distant countries, close before us; or by such grave, and ingenious philosophizing, as converts a weak novel into a light treatise. Now, the author before us, whilst he attempts plot, philosophizing, and delineation of character, succeeds in none of the three. He has distracted himself with trying to do too much, and failed. A sister's affection (upon which the story turns) is so beautiful and holy a thing in real life, and has been so nobly set forth—witness Miss Baillie's *Jane de Montfort*, and Walter Scott's *Jeannie Deans*—that we are doubly sensible of a failure, when such a subject is mismanaged by an unskillful hand. In short, '*Eustace Conway*' is a dull book, and no extract we could give could qualify our opinion. There is that about it, however, which makes us think, that its author might do better, and if we are to meet him again, we heartily hope, for both our sakes, that he will.

'*De Rayo, or, the Haunted Priory, a Dramatic Romance.*'—The author's dedication "To his surviving Parent" disarms criticism, and it is lucky it does; for, if one of our heaviest weapons were in our hands at this moment, we should be compelled to give this play a terrible blow. It would seem that the author is a young man—but

at the same time it would seem that he is a very amiable young man. We shall therefore only give him one piece of advice: we do not counsel him to write again; but, if he will do so, we recommend him not to found his next play upon a twaddling romance like that of '*The Haunted Priory*, or, the *Fortunes of the House of Rayo*.'

'*Pictures of Private Life.*' Second series. By Sarah Stickney.—The success of the first series of these tales has encouraged their authoress to produce a second, in which we find much of the improvement we expected from her,—the same earnest and excellent feeling as before, with more interest, and something more of life, in her stories. But she has much to do before she can write naturally of the world we live in; and we see not how one of her particular sect can gain the requisite experience, without venturing so far beyond its boundaries as to be unable to return within them again. The idea of the '*Pains of Pleasing*,' a tale written to show the fruitlessness of the attempt to become a universal favourite, is excellent—its execution incomplete, for the reason we have given.

'*Pictet's Christian Theology.*'—Benedict Pictet was among the last of the old school of divines that presided over the church of Geneva; without the energy of Calvin, or the extensive learning of Beza, he had a more comprehensive mind than either, and stated his arguments with a clearness and precision, rarely to be found in their writings. He is also honourably distinguished by his candour and fairness, never imputing motives to his adversaries, nor attempting to deduce consequences from their doctrines, which they disclaimed. His book deserved to be translated, but we could wish that the task had been undertaken by some one possessed of feelings similar to those of the author; there is but one original note in the volume, and that is inconsistent, both with the text and spirit of the whole of Pictet's beautiful work.

'*Napoleon's dying Soliloquy, and other poems*, by Thomas Stewart.'—'*Harpings of Lena*, being original poems, by the late Edward Lenton, and W. J. Baitman.'—'*Solitary Hours*, by Hartley Lloyd.'—'*The Vigil of a young Soldier.*'—Here are four of the collections of small poems, which every week ushers into the world. Their number troubles us with a twofold trouble: first, the labour of examining their pages, and then, the concern, which naturally suggests itself as we think, how each of these little tomes contains the hopes of some lonely aspirant,—perhaps of some amiable household band, among which his verses have been read, and read again, till the venture of sending them forth to the public has been resolved upon—and alas! we have weekly occasion to see, how often these hopes must be disappointed,—ought to be so indeed, for the maintenance of the honour of Poetry, which has suffered too much by the want of judgment and want of sincerity of some of her worshippers.—Mr. Stewart has chosen a lofty theme: the death hour of Napoleon is not a subject for a novice, nor for a third, nor even second-rate master of the lyre. It can be no offence to him then to say that he has failed. There is some smooth verse in the poem call *Retirement*, and a visible attempt to imitate Pope, in the Epistle from Abelard to Eloise.—Of the '*Harpings of Lena*,' we are told in the preface, that both of the authors of the poems under this title, may be called self-educated, and that one of them, an orphan, died at the early age of fifteen. His verses are the best in the volume, and breathe a certain melancholy, which, taken in conjunction with his early fate, interest us in their author. If, as we suspect, the desire to create was stronger than the power within him—and his sensitiveness to the trials of life, greater than his measure of that cheerful and stout-hearted endurance, of which none has so much need as

the aspirant to literary honours, it would be unwise to regret his death.—Mr. Lloyd has stolen his title from that too much neglected lady, Miss Bowles—the remainder of his “ borrowings without acknowledgment,” are from other authors.—The last poem upon our list, ‘The Vigil of a Young Soldier,’ is not very comprehensible; nor made clearer by certain notes, in which the writer tells us that, “ he has been an occasional intruder on most coteries, from the Coal Hole to St. James’s” (we would have given the palace precedence), and in which he denounces our social system as *rotten*, because of the large number of spinsters about London, and recommends a vegetable diet. He seems on good terms with himself.

‘O’Kerffe’s Legacy to his Daughter, being the Poetical Works of the late John O’Kerffe, Esquire, Dramatic Author.’—A collection of the poems of this veteran dramatist, so long a favourite with the public, bequeathed to his orphan daughter as her sole inheritance, ought to excite the attention of all whose kindness would remember the living for the sake of the dead, and, bearing in mind the mirth of former days, would contribute its mite towards the assistance of one left alone in the world. Let the public, on this occasion, come forward, and show that it has not utterly forgotten the merits and laughter-provoking services of an old and well-tried servant.

‘Entomologia Edinensis, by J. Wilson, and the Rev. James Duncan. Part I., Coleoptera.’—This is an admirable work for any one who is seriously bent on pursuing this branch of Zoology, and bears testimony, in every page, to the accurate observation and unwearied research of the gentlemen employed in its composition. We cannot, however, flatter them with the idea that they have done much, or indeed anything, towards rendering the subject popular; an entire octavo volume, devoted to a single order of insects, found in the vicinity of a single town, even though that town be what the authors call (perhaps by antiphrasis) “Modern Athens,” is more likely to appal than attract ordinary readers. It would be unfair, however, to lead to the supposition, that the importance and interest of the work are strictly local: “the amount of species described (extending to upwards of 200 genera) has necessarily, according to the plan pursued, introduced the general history of the leading groups of British Coleoptera, and, as most of these are likely to occur in other parts of the country, the utility of the volume will not be confined to the district specified, but will extend to any portion of the British Empire.” The introductory chapter, containing the Anatomy of Insects, is well, though perhaps rather too technically written; and there are good directions for the chase and preservation of insect game. The volume is cheap, and seems better qualified than any other we know of, to become the student’s guide to entomological science.

‘The Popular Encyclopædia, Vol. I., Part II.’—‘The Popular Encyclopædia,’ as we noticed heretofore, is based on “the world-renowned Conversations-Lexicon,” originally compiled by a society of German literati, and subsequently translated into almost every European language. Its editors have carefully collected all the information added by the different translators to their respective versions, and have besides supplied a valuable mass of new matter, well calculated to meet the wants and wishes of the public.

‘Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde, Vol. II., Part I.’—The oriental articles in this Encyclopædia, are better than those in any similar work. Reinaud’s account of Arabia, and Klaproth’s History of the Armenians, in the present number, are excellent. Schnetzler’s article on Asia, also merits high praise.

‘Cowie’s Printer’s Pocket-book.’—A little manual intended for the London printer, and comprising the trade regulations, and other matters

essential to be known. It differs from similar works, by having the “List of Master Printers” arranged in districts, to facilitate the journeyman’s procuring employment.

‘The Parent’s Dental Guide.’—One of those trashy compositions, written by men, whose object is to bring themselves into note. Parents will certainly learn with pleasure, that the author twisted a crooked tooth straight, in the head of Master B. son of Mr. B. M.P., extracted some irregular grinders from the jaws of the Hon. Miss G., and supplied Lady L. with gold caps for her wisdom teeth. The man who has done so much towards improving the state of the aristocracy, will clearly be able to work wonders amongst the *tiers-état*. “If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?”

‘Conversations on the Teeth, by Hayward.’—A little pamphlet, with a pink cover and gilt edges, made to sell.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

ON THE EDUCATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

No. II.

In the Prussian states, parents are compelled by law to give their children an elementary education—no such compulsion is required in England; first, because the moral force of public opinion has already produced the effect; and secondly, because the British government has the power of bestowing rewards, which would be found infinitely more efficacious than punishments. The rewards to which I allude, are the minor offices of government, situations in the Customs, the Excise, &c., which might be made prizes for industry, probity, and good conduct, instead of being distributed by private favour. For this purpose, a national record should be kept, of the general state of education; and it is my present purpose to explain how this might be done with very little trouble, and at a very trifling expense.

I propose then, that Normal schools should be established, under the control of a National Board of Education, in every large town and populous district; each school should be divided into senior and junior departments, and the progress of the pupils in each ascertained by quarterly examinations. These examinations should be open to those educated at private seminaries, or by their parents, as well as to the pupils of the Normal school; for the object is, that knowledge should be actually acquired, not that it should be obtained in any particular place. Those who have, at several examinations, proved their diligence and attention, should have their names registered, and forwarded to the National Board of Education. The rewards bestowed for fair exertion, should be admissions, without charge, to the higher classes, either in the Normal school, or in a Normal college, to be established in different parts of the country. From these Normal colleges, government should invariably select its servants, the teachers of the Normal schools, &c.; and as there might be some ambitious of devoting themselves more closely to literature, and carrying their studies farther, I should recommend that small exhibitions of twenty or thirty pounds per annum, should be founded in the great Universities, and given as rewards to the best scholars in each Normal college. Some of the higher patronage of government should be distributed in rewards to the Universities; a late President of the Board of Control afforded a noble example to his successors, by offering the writerships of the Indian colonies, at his disposal, as rewards for literary exertion. It would have been better had the kind of exertion been specified; we are justly reproached by the French and Germans for our neglect of Oriental literature, notwithstanding our vast possessions in the East; now

I can see no good reason why the writerships and cadetships, at the disposal of government, should not be offered as prizes to the best proficient in Oriental literature at our several Universities. Consuls should be similarly distributed; for there have been consuls who did not begin to study the language of the country to which they were appointed, before they had reached the place of their destination. It can scarcely be necessary to add, that the new impulse thus given to University studies, would, to say the least of it, not be injurious to those venerable establishments.

Perhaps it would be sufficient for government to establish merely the Board of Education, and the public examiners for districts and provinces, leaving to individual exertion the establishment of schools and colleges. I shall, therefore, state the plan that I deem best to be adopted in the formation of such schools. The whole system of boarding-schools appears to me absurd and mischievous from beginning to end;—bad for the master, bad for the pupils, and bad for general society. Can a man of cultivated mind feel comfortable in becoming a contractor for the supply of food? Assuredly, if he did not derive a large profit from the speculation, it would be the very last that he would voluntarily undertake. I am not such an enthusiast as to suppose that men will undertake the labours and fatigues of education, without the prospect of adequate reward; but let their remuneration come from education, not from a contract for diet, washing, and lodging. Boarding-houses may be established in the vicinity of a good school, but I should not expose the master to the temptation of jobbing, by permitting him to keep one. I think, however, that it would be an advantage, if suites of chambers were provided in the school edifice for the rector and his assistants. Perhaps also, the establishment of a common hall, to be supplied by contract, would in some cases be advantageous.

The expense of erecting a school-house, capable of accommodating three hundred pupils, would be about 4,000*l.*; for the interest on that sum and the rent of ground, I shall allow 200*l.* annually: the same sum should be allowed to the rector or superintendent; to eight masters 100*l.* a year each; to a lecturer on natural history and a writing-master 50*l.* each. Most of our young physicians have paid considerable attention to natural history; and many of them would gladly undertake the office of lecturer, as a fair means of making themselves known. I have not understated the salary of the masters, for it is far above the average paid to the assistants in most schools.

‘The hours of actual school business should not exceed six in the day: from seven to nine, from eleven to one, and from two to four, would probably be found the best division of this time; masters and boys should have the evenings free for relaxation or private study. Thus the masters would have time for other literary pursuits, either preparatory to a profession, or as authors. There are meritorious young men to be found in abundance, who would be glad to obtain such situations. To meet expenses, we shall suppose that there are 200 pupils in the junior school paying 4*l.*, and 100 in the senior school paying 8*l.* annually; this would be sufficient not only for paying rent and salaries, but it would also leave a surplus to found exhibitions in the provincial college for meritorious pupils. Where the number of scholars is not sufficient to support such an establishment as I have described, fewer masters should be employed, and a cheaper establishment obtained.

But in the event of these schools being established by individual exertion, it may be considered just that the surplus of profits should be given to the proprietors, and not devoted to founding exhibitions: I very much fear that

this would be the case, and am, therefore, the more anxious that the schools should be established by the government, and be the property of the nation. An obvious difficulty presents itself: could the government, in the present state of our finances, encounter so great an expense? I know that many will answer, there are funds already sufficient for the purpose,—our endowed and diocesan schools have been perverted from their original design; many have directly contravened the directions of the founders; in others, the circumstances of society are so altered, that were the testators restored to life, they would gladly hail some alteration in the conditions of their bequests. This is a topic which I am unwilling to discuss; it is one encumbered with many difficulties, and it is generally supposed that at an early period it will be investigated either by a parliamentary commission, or a committee of the House of Commons. But I cannot avoid noticing the facilities there are for establishing an efficient and cheap school in the city of London, by compelling those who take the Gresham lectureships to become active teachers in the city school. These lectures, as at present managed, are worse than useless; indeed, their only purpose seems to be relieving the consciences of the professors from the painful feeling of receiving public money for nothing.

There are some who suppose that any system of national instruction should be perfectly gratuitous; from this opinion I wholly dissent—what people get for nothing, they too often value at nothing. A judicious system of public instruction should, and would, support itself. Except in the case of absolute poverty, for which provision has been made already, and in the exhibitions given as a reward for merit, no pupils should be received into the Normal schools without payment. I shall now endeavour to show that these payments might, by a little management, form a sufficient guarantee for a fund to be raised immediately, and devoted to the establishment of such schools.

The first thing to be done, is to establish a Board of Education; its president should be a minister of the crown; its members practical working men, holding their places "quandiu se bene gesserint;" their first business should be, to establish in minute detail the system of education and discipline that should be adopted in the future schools. The plan, having been properly matured, should be published, and notice given that the board was ready to receive applications from any town or district, whose inhabitants desired the establishment of such a school. One half the sum required for the erection of suitable buildings, should be subscribed by the petitioners as a loan, the other half might be advanced by the board. A local Board of Management should then be formed, to take charge of the finances, to see that the profits of the school be applied to paying the interest of the loan, and forming a small sinking fund for the redemption of the debt. When the school was completed, a member of the general board should be sent down to superintend the selection of the rector and assistants; in all cases the candidates should be required to appear in person, and be subjected, if the commissioners thought fit, to actual examination. To the local board, I would give only the power of recommending; the final appointment should rest with the National Board. Power should only be given where there is responsibility.

I must reserve the further details of my plan until I see how far the outlines are sanctioned by general approbation; but, before concluding, I must notice one objection which may probably be urged against the entire system. It will be said that I have made no provision for religious instruction. No man can feel more deeply than I do, the importance of impressing the great truths of religion on the minds of youth, but I

do not think that school is the place where they should be taught, nor the schoolmaster a fit person to teach them. I fear the effects of degrading or painful associations, because I have witnessed them. I propose that the boys should, on one day in every week, be sent to their respective places of worship, and receive from their proper spiritual pastor religious instruction suited to their capacities. It would be injustice to prescribe where the pupils should go, but I would make it imperative that they should go somewhere. If the number of the catechumens imposed too severe a labour on the clergyman, he might be paid for his trouble out of the funds of the school.

Such are the outlines of the plan I venture to propose for national adoption: more minute details I am ready to supply if required. That the proposal will encounter opposition, is more than probable, for a large body is interested in preventing its success. Fortunately, there are very few who are not competent judges of its merits; for the question is simply, whether cheap and efficient instruction for the middle classes, or to make the fortune of a few schoolmasters, be the more desirable. But I cannot avoid impressing on the minds of those for whose benefit I have chiefly written, the new position in which they are placed, by the extensive education afforded to the poorer classes. Whatever opinion may be formed of the wisdom or expediency of thus affording instruction to all, one thing is certain, and that is, the power of withholding such instruction no longer exists. Nothing but a complete change in the present system of education, can enable the middle classes to compete fairly with those below them; for I do not hesitate to assert, that better instruction, viewed in reference to the practical business of life, is given at many charity schools, than in three-fourths of the academies and seminaries in Great Britain.

T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Asiatic Society have announced their intention of publishing a quarterly journal, to be exclusively devoted to matters connected with the objects of the Society. The general interest which, at this moment, attaches itself to all things connected with the East, cannot fail to make this a welcome work; and the vast resources of the Society, not merely through its auxiliary societies, but its Corresponding Members spread over the whole of the Eastern world, will equally tend to make it worthy of, and to insure, extensive support.

We have this week received first numbers of two new periodicals, started in widely distant parts of the world, and bringing with them strangely apposite associations; the one is 'The Ionian Anthology,' and the other 'The New South Wales Magazine.' Both promise well, because they are full of local interest and character; the one rich in recollections, the other in hopes.

Dr. Croly, we are informed, has a volume in the press, entitled 'Divine Providence, or the Three Cycles of Revelation, establishing the Parallelism of the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian Periods'—and the Correspondence of John Jebb, late Bishop of Limerick, with Alexander Knox, Esq., from 1799 to 1831, is also preparing for publication.

It is generally reported that the two celebrated Correggios, in the collection of Lord Londonderry, have been purchased, at the price of eleven or twelve thousand pounds, for the National Gallery.—The history of these pictures is somewhat curious. There is good reason to believe that they were originally in the collection of Charles the First, and sold by the republic to an agent of the King of Spain. During the invasion of that country, Murat, by purchase we conclude, pos-

sessed himself of them, and they were subsequently removed to Naples. On his death they were claimed, by his widow, of the congress at Vienna, as private property, and the claim was allowed. Lord Londonderry, then Ambassador, purchased them of the ex-queen, and here they are, after journeying about for nearly two centuries, in the National Gallery of England.

We advert with pleasure to the meeting, held this week, at the Royal Institution, for the purpose of acknowledging Mr. Fuller's munificence to that establishment, which has amounted altogether to the large sum of upwards of 10,000*l*. If some of our millionaires would follow his example, we should cease to have to announce books "on the decline of science," or to complain of the decay of the arts among us.

The third annual exhibition of Paintings by the Old Masters, has opened, for the season, at Exeter Hall; where also may be seen Mr. Huggins's two marine pictures of the Battle of Trafalgar, painted by command of his Majesty. A third is in progress, by the same artist, which will complete the series.

We paid a visit lately to the "Concordia," a musical instrument, now exhibiting in Old Bond-street, the invention of a Mr. Niggl. By the application of some new mechanism to the strings of the common grand pianoforte, the performer is enabled to produce many varieties of tone—some so closely resembling those of stringed instruments, that we expect, when the invention is fully matured, to find the desideratum of a *sostenuto*, and power of modifying the tone of the instrument, satisfactorily supplied. The instrument is furnished with two sets of keys—the one those of the pianoforte, the other commanding these new resources; so that an indefinite number of effects may be produced, by their being played in conjunction or alternately. Every pianoforte player should hear the Concordia.

The Italian operas at Liverpool are proceeding most satisfactorily. Our correspondent gives us tantalizing accounts of Madlle. Cesari, (a contralto,) and Signor Deval, (a tenor,) two of the singers. The company has been engaged for three years, by some gentlemen who are anxious, if possible, to naturalize this amusement in the provinces. 'Il Tancredi' and 'Pietro l'Eremita' are in preparation.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

March 5.—Colonel Leake, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Hamilton resumed the reading of his translation of Mr. Silvern's memoir on the 'Birds' of Aristophanes. Supposing the fact to be, as the arguments of the writer in the first part of his memoir are intended to prove, that the historical subject of this drama is the celebrated expedition dispatched by the Athenians against Syracuse,† not only will the motives and designs of that undertaking be found to correspond with those feigned by the poet, but the chief characters in each must respectively bear to one another the relation of type and ante-type.

The principal character engaged in the expedition was Alcibiades; of the drama, the leading personage is Peisethairos; and here the analogy is sufficiently apparent. The share which the persuasive eloquence of the former had in originating the event satirized, is closely imitated in the means used by the latter to influence the birds to enter into the extravagant scheme, which forms the fabulous subject of the comedy. The name Peisethairos alludes to this circumstance. But, besides its chief prototype, the character of Peisethairos appears to comprise secondary and less obvious personifications of other individuals; more particularly of

† In the 17th year of the Peloponnesian war.—See our report of the meeting of the Society, April 5.

the sophist, Gorgias of Leontium, a vain, ambitious, and wealthy intriguer, who, by such means as are exposed to ridicule in the 'Birds,' succeeded in obtaining for his countrymen the assistance of Athens, when besieged by the Syracusans.

Euclides, servant or assistant to Peisthetairos, (and whose name is adopted in allusion to the puerile and extravagant expectations founded on the Sicilian expedition by the credulous multitude at Athens,) probably represents Polus of Agrigentum, who, as a sophist of subordinate pretensions, was associated in a kind of dependence upon Gorgias.

Again; by the Epops, or Hoopoe, appears to be intended the general Lamachus, who was joined in the command of the Sicilian expedition with Nicias and Alcibiades.

That such were the historical portraits intended by the author of the 'Birds,' although the several traits in which the likeness consists, are sometimes indicated only by such indirect and playful touches, as best suit the fantastic elements of his fable, was shown at large by Mr. Süvern, in much learned and minute inquiry into the personages and events of that interesting period of Grecian history.

March 19.—Colonel Leake, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Hamilton read a further portion of his translation of the memoir on the 'Birds.'

The main subject of this reading, was the speech of Peisthetairos to the birds, in which he artfully gains over that fickle race to enter into his plans. Here a constant reference was traced, by the writer, to the similar artifices which the Athenian general successfully pursued, in order to get the consent of his countrymen to a scheme hardly less irrational than that of building a city in the air, as agreed to by the birds. This speech abounds in portraits and curious allusions. The luxury, ambition, and vices of Alcibiades—the superstition of Nicias—the sophistical arts of Gorgias, and the other demagogues, whose influence was paramount at Athens, and the consequent corruption and degradation of the state, as contrasted with the virtue and intelligence of its citizens, which had formerly enabled it to maintain the preponderance in the affairs of Greece, are painted in a manner which must have been equally diverting and instructive to those who were familiar with the passing events and personal anecdotes of the time.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

March 24.—John Barrow, Esq., in the chair. —Extracts were read from 'Papers Descriptive of the Countries beyond the North-western Frontiers of the Bombay Presidency, relating chiefly to the Principalities of Joodpoor and Jaysulmeer,' communicated by Capt. Burnes, who was also in the room, and afforded some *vivâ voce* explanations.

From both, it appeared, that this indefatigable traveller was stationed in 1828 on this frontier of our Indian Empire, and, with characteristic activity both of mind and body, immediately planned a journey beyond it; his views regarding which, were submitted to Sir Thomas Bradford, then Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, and by him brought under the notice of Sir John Malcolm, Governor of the Presidency, who, first referring them to Col. Pottinger, our resident in Cutch, and himself a distinguished traveller, on his report warmly approved, and in part acted on them. In their complete form, they contemplated penetrating across the Desert to Ooch, where, it was then thought, that the waters of the Punjab joined the Indus, and thence descending that river; but a prudent desire to avoid exciting the jealousy of the Ameers of Sind, by thus traversing nearly their whole territory, eventually confined Capt. Burnes's operations at this time within narrower limits;

the immediate vicinity of the Presidency being thus, however, more thoroughly examined.

It was December 1829, before the requisite preparations were completed, so as to allow of the departure of our enterprising young countryman from Bhoj, the capital of Cutch. He was accompanied by Lieut. Holland, of the Quarter-Master-General's Department, and attended by a small force of Native cavalry. The ostensible object of the expedition was the delivery of letters, of compliment or remonstrance, as the case might be, to the several native Chiefs on the route. The first previously unknown district thus traversed was Parkur, situate to the north-east of Cutch, and of a peninsular, if not rather insular form, being bounded on three sides by the desert tract known by the name of the Runn of Cutch, which bears strong marks of having been once an inland sea; and, on the fourth, by another desert, called the Thurr, of a very opposite, but not more fertile character, being covered with light blowing sand. The character of Parkur itself is rocky, with an extensive valley of cultivable, but not cultivated land, intersecting it nearly in the middle. Its inhabitants, few in number, (not exceeding 8000,) lead a nomadic life, and are otherwise savage and lawless. They are chiefly Rajpoots of the Soda tribe, a branch of the Parmans; and being thus of high caste, and distinguished for the beauty of their women, their alliance is much sought by the neighbouring tribes, to whom they dispose of their daughters rather in the way of barter, than on any more dignified footing. They are under the government of two chiefs, called the Rance of Nuggur and the Thakoor of Veerawor. Both acknowledge a sort of dependence on the Sooltan Soda of Omerote, as the head of their tribe, but pay him no tribute. To the Ameers of Sind on the contrary, they pay tribute, but scarcely acknowledge obedience; the assessment on them being levied every year by an army of Belooches, who are thus encouraged to extend their depredations in this direction.

Nuggur is the smaller town, having only 150 houses, while Veerawor has 350; but it is considered the capital of the country, and is the property of the more powerful chief. It is situate close to the foot of the southernmost hills; Veerawor is on a lake near the northern frontier. The whole extent of the province, is only twenty miles from north to south, by about thirty-five from east to west. The hills are a sort of red granite, but the stone rings like metal when struck. It is remarkable, that no sand-stone is found here, while in Cutch, all the hills, without exception, are of that formation. The Parkur people say, that their hills have been baked, and those in Cutch are "kucha," or uncooked; and this is possibly the etymology of the latter name.

Water is abundant in Parkur, and uniformly found about ten feet below the surface; it is of tolerable quality, and more used than tank-water. It is remarkable that in the adjoining desert, the Thurr, water is only found at a prodigious depth: Capt. Burnes stated that he had never there met with a well less than 350 feet deep, and many exceeded 400. They are all too of extremely confined diameter,—we understood him to say, not exceeding eighteen inches,—and are uniformly faced with branches of trees.

Near Veerawor are the remains of the city of Panuggur, said to have been a place of wealth and eminence 700 years ago, but now offering little that is curious. Three of its temples have been of marble, of which none exists in Parkur, but it is abundant at some distance to the eastward. Tradition, however, says, that it was brought to Parkur by way of the Runn, when that was a sea.

Proceeding from Parkur along the banks of the Looney, Capt. Burnes next describes the Nueyur, a tract of extreme fertility, watered by the branches of the Looney, and also by the

main stream itself. It is correspondingly populous, and its inhabitants are industrious, but much oppressed by the Belooch robbers of the desert. Its agriculture is of two sorts, according as the Looney does, or does not, overflow its banks; but in both cases the returns yielded are abundant, the soil becoming sliny, even when the river does not overflow, as it rises towards the level of the adjoining country, which is about ten feet above its own. It is here not above 150 feet wide, (it is sometimes 1,000 higher up), and scarcely flows, unless in the rainy season. Immediately on leaving the Nueyur it is lost in the Runn. The health of the inhabitants of the Nueyur does not seem affected by the humid character of their country.

Above Nueyur, along the line of the Looney, is the principality of Joodpoor, and north-west of it that of Jaysulmeer. South-west from both is situated the famous mountain of Aboo, said to be seventy-five miles in circumference at the base, rising steep on all sides, and surmounted by the most extraordinary remains of ancient buildings. Capt. Burnes describes them as consisting of four temples, connected together by a line of circumvallation; and one, in particular, of such extraordinary magnificence, that a series of drawings from it made by an English lady, who subsequently visited it, (Mrs. Col. Blair,) remain, yet unpublished, in the hands of their accomplished artist, the estimated expense of engraving them being 700 guineas. The ruins of a magnificent city are also found at the base of this mountain. We rather think that the details of this region will again excite the attention of the Society; and we shall here, therefore, for the present, close our report.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

March 15.—The Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., in the chair.—A most valuable donation of books, manuscripts, maps, plans, drawings, &c. presented to the Society by Lieut-Col. Doyle, was laid on the table; the collection amounts to about 187 volumes of printed books; 173 maps, plans, &c., chiefly original; 18 Persian manuscripts, many of extreme beauty, and splendidly illuminated; 3 volumes, and a large portfolio of original drawings of mythological subjects, costumes, &c.; 62 loose sketches, prints, &c.; a Persian dress, and a large quantity of Indian journals. Among the manuscripts are the Shâh Nameh, a superb copy from the Imperial Library at Delhi, with the seals of all the Emperors from Baber to Aurangzeb, and an autograph of Shâh Jehân; the Dostân of Sâdi; the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; the History of the Nawâb of Oude, the Borhân i Kati, &c. &c.

On the motion of the Right Hon. the Chairman, seconded by the Right Hon. Sir A. Johnston, V.P., it was unanimously resolved, that the cordial thanks of the Society be specially communicated to Lieut-Col. Doyle, for the munificent and important donation presented by him to the Society, together with the expression of its deep regret, at learning that it is about to lose the services of so zealous and efficient an associate.

Colonel Miles, H. Newnham, Esq., Lieut. George Broadfoot, and Ensign William Broadfoot, were elected Resident Members of the Society; E. J. Dawkins, Esq., British Minister in Greece, Colonel Gordon, and J. P. Rinch, Esq., were elected Corresponding Members.

Mr. Bird concluded the reading of his Introduction to the History of Guzerat, bringing down the narrative of the Moslem conquests to the establishment of the empire at Delhi. The next paper read, was a letter addressed to the Secretary, by Sir H. Willock, containing some notices of the eminent Orientalist, Professor Schultz, who was assassinated in Kurdistan, in the latter end of 1829, while exploring the coun-

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try for scientific and antiquarian researches. The third and last communication read at this meeting, was Mr. Henderson's notes on the mineralogy of Cutch, comprising his observations on the stratified rocks, metallic ores, saline rock, &c. The rocks chiefly noticed were clay-slate, limestone, sandstone, and coal. The only ores of metal noticed, are those of iron and copper; in treating of the saline minerals, the author describes the method of preparing alum. The meeting adjourned to the 5th of April.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 12.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.

Col. Pasley, C.B., the Knight of Kerry, and Edward Hill, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

A letter addressed to Dr. Fitton, F.G.S., by Charles Babbage, Esq., F.R.S., 'On the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, near Puzzuoli,' was read.

March 26.—G. B. Greenough, Esq., President, in the Chair.—The following communications were read:—1. A letter from C. D. O. Jephson, Esq. M.P., addressed to the President, on the changes noticed by the writer in the temperature of a thermal spring at Mallow, principally during the winter months of 1833; 2. A letter from H. H. Egerton, Esq. to C. Lyell, Esq., F.R.S., on the means which were employed to change the course of the River, and on the detritus deposited in the Lake of Thurr by that river, since its direction has been altered; 3. A notice, by Col. Sykes, of a collection of fossils made by Capt. Smea in Cutch; 4. A paper on the gravel and alluvial deposits on the surface of the old red sandstone in parts of Herefordshire and Worcestershire, with an account of the Travertine of Southstone Rock, in the latter county, by R. I. Murchison, Esq., V.P.G.S.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

| | | |
|------|----------------------------------|-------------|
| TEA. | Linnæan Society..... | Eight, P.M. |
| WED. | Horticultural Society..... | One, P.M. |
| WED. | Society of Arts..... | 7, P.M. |
| SAT. | Westminster Medical Society..... | Eight, P.M. |
| SAT. | Royal Asiatic Society..... | Two, P.M. |

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—*Sitting of the 10th March.*—On the presentation of a work of Mr. Beaumont, an American surgeon, on the Gastric Juice, M. Arago made some remarks. The work contains the results of experiments made on the gastric juice of an American, who, by means of a wound received in his stomach, is able to afford this liquid for experiment, without suffering pain or inconvenience. M. Arago proposed that the man should be brought to Paris.

M. Orbiguy, who was sent out by the Society of Natural History, in 1826, to explore the countries of Buenos Ayres, Chili, and Peru, having returned, he, in this sitting, communicated a sketch of his travels and discoveries. M. Orbiguy commenced his route from Rio, went by Buenos Ayres to Patagonia, sailed to Chili, traversed it, as well as the two Perus, crossing the Andes, and sailing down the Amazon. He promises a variety of documents, relative to the geography of these countries.

His observations on the geological formation of South America are also numerous. He found primitive formation in the greater part of Brazil, and of the Bande Oriental. The immense basin, extending from the 25th to the 38th degree of south latitude, was the first place where he found animal remains in strata, that he considered of tertiary formation. The fossil remains were below the bones of the mammiferous tribe, which were, in turn, covered by banks of river shells. The sides of the rivers present every facility for observing these super-

positions. To the south, a primitive chain separates this basin from that of Patagonia. This last presents some analogy with the basin of Paris, in its alternative strata of oysters, free-stone with osteous remains, gypsum, and river shells. M. Orbiguy bears witness to the higher plains of the Andes being volcanic; at the height of 12,000 feet he discovered marine fossils. Respecting the diverse races and languages of South America, he has brought back a variety of observations, with sixty vocabularies.

M. Ranson, engineer in the service of Bavaria, proposed a new mode of measuring the sphere, which seemed rather to amuse than edify the Academy.—M. Decaisne presented a memoir on the Flora of the Isle of Timor.—A memoir, of some length, was read on the subject of friction, and on the means of measuring its degrees of intensity and resistance.—A note was presented from M. Cournot, tending to show that the planes of the orbits of the three great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, intersect each other.

M. Gavard sent an account of a new improvement of the *pantograph*, a machine by which an engraving is transferred to a plate of brass, or to a lithographic stone. When this is effected, the engraving is, of course, reversed; and it is to correct this, that M. Gavard has suggested the present improvement.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

THE opera of 'Il Barbiere,' and the ballet of 'Le Sire Huon,' were repeated, on Saturday last, to a house inconveniently crowded. We had not time last week to do more than mention Madame Caradori, but we have now pleasure in doing justice to her exquisite singing of the part of *Rosina*; her embellishments are always perfectly finished, and faultlessly in tune—a merit not so common at the Italian Opera as it should be. We are also glad to notice once more the improvement visible, (or rather audible,) in Signor Giubilei.—We are now to speak of the music in the new ballet; and as we are told that it was composed in "fiery haste," and by Signor Costa, we are all the more disposed to do justice to its good points, and "be to its faults a little blind." As a whole, it is certainly too heavy; we can dispense with very deep science in ballet music, for the sake of those piquant delicious airs in which the French excel, and which send us dancing home to our beds. There was too much of the drum and trumpet, and, in almost all the subjects, such constant use of the *appoggiatura*, as becomes annoying to the ear by repetition. We must, however, admire the quartette of four horns in the overture, and the very pretty subject of the first dance, (in F two-four time); the oboe solo to the never-to-be-forgotten Shaw! Dance we have heard before; and the music of the last scene is from Signor Costa's divertissement 'Une heure à Naples.' Tolbecque plays his violin solo particularly well, (we could have wished for more *obligato* movements for the principal instruments); and Monsieur Nadaud most efficiently led the band, whose execution of the music was more than usually precise and careful.

Taglioni left us for Paris on Sunday last; she is to return when Duvernay departs. We are grown fastidious and discontented at the idea of not seeing them together again. We must, therefore, hope that Laporte will take ours and the public's case into consideration, and endeavour to procure us that pleasure some few times more.

Vocal Society.—The second season of these Concerts closed most auspiciously on Thursday week. The room was well filled, in spite of the attraction of Taglioni's benefit: H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent was among the audience. We

are now satisfied that these meetings will have no evil effect upon the Antient Concerts, and, therefore, express our good wishes for their prosperity with all the greater heartiness. But we must warn the directors, that the ancient glees and madrigals will lose their charm on being often repeated; and that novelty is essential to a performance so entirely vocal. Let our native composers come forward and show what they can do; let them give us good concerted dramatic pieces, and songs better worthy of a prize, than certain ballads of which we have had occasion to speak, and the voice of the public will soon open the doors of the theatres to them again. The blame of their exclusion does not lie altogether with speculative managers, or a capricious public.

To return to the sixth Concert, the selection of music comprised a great variety of glees, madrigals, &c., and pieces from Spohr's 'Azor and Zemira,' in the execution of which, the whole strength of the Society, with the addition of Miss Stephens, was employed. We must not omit to notice the performance of Mr. Hatton; he played a movement from Mozart's *Pianoforte Concerto in D minor*, in a style which entitles him to rank very high among the pianists of the day. He may rank higher yet, if he pleases.

Signor Masoni's Concert.—We were glad to see this gentleman's Concert so much better attended than we had expected. He played three pieces; a concerto of his own, a concertante with Moscheles, (composed by the latter and Lafont,) and an air, 'Non più mesta,' with variations, by Lepinsky, a Polish composer, in which his execution was most daring; it wanted, however, a little finish. The more we hear him the more we are confirmed in our opinion of the false taste of his style;—that he can play quietly, was evident from the concertante which he performed with Moscheles; and we liked him so much better in this than the other pieces, (though a passage of thirds, in his concerto, deserves honourable mention *en passant*.) that we earnestly wish he could be induced to discard ornaments and trickery unworthy of the talent he possesses, and which will prevent his receiving the honours he deserves. There is but one Paganini in the world, and all imitators of his manner must become extravagant, and fail in producing an effect. Madame Caradori, Miss Clara Novello, Miss Woodyatt, Signors De Begnis and Giubilei, and Mr. Horn-castle, were the singers engaged.

THEATRICALS

Are in a state of calm this week: but it is only the calm which precedes the storm of Easter Monday. The Adelphi and Olympic closed on Saturday last, after a season of great profit to each. Farewell addresses were spoken by Mr. Yates at the one, and by Madame La Lessee at the other. We know nothing of the preparations for Easter novelties, beyond what the bills tell us. At Drury Lane, Mr. Macready is to play 'Richard III.,' without interruption as to the three first acts, and under the usual noise made and provided for such occasions, after the entrance of the half-price people; after which will be produced (says the bill) an *Easter Folly*, entitled 'Anster Fair, or, Michael Scott the Wizard.' We have long and justly complained of the manner in which these brainless bulletins have been concocted, and we therefore hail with satisfaction a first step towards improvement,—they own their *Folly*. At Covent Garden 'Gustavus the Third' of Sweden is opposed to 'Richard the Third' of England; after which will be produced (never acted) an entirely new Grand Romantic Opera, the music composed by Carl Maria Von Weber, entitled 'Der Freischütz.' This piece of liberality on the part of the management will, of course, be fully appreciated by a grateful public. It has

* It may be well to observe, that we have received the work, and prepared a review of it, which will forthwith appear.

been done, no doubt, as the bill says just below about something else, "with the view of affording as much attraction as possible," and "without any regard to expense." Time was, when those who took delight in these pieces of show had, at least, a choice—they might either go and see a bad one at Drury Lane, or a good one at Covent Garden. Thanks to the blessings of monopoly, those days are over; and, though we will not say that the Drury Lane piece will be bad, because we know nothing about it, we may safely affirm, that, however good it may be, it would have been better had it been done at Covent Garden, because the people there understand such matters better, and because all those who do understand their work are not yet dismissed.—The Olympic will be re-opened by special permission on Monday, it appears, for the benefit of Messrs. James Vining and Hooper, the Stage Manager and Treasurer of the establishment. Madame Vestris, Mrs. Orger, Mr. Liston, and the whole company, have given their services, with the exception of Mr. Keeley, whose absence is unavoidable, and whose part of *Magnus Templeton* in the "Beulah Spa," has been kindly undertaken by that excellent actor, Mr. Buckstone. This house, by the bye, has been let by Madame Vestris to Mons. Laporte, for the ensuing season of French plays.—Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Mr. Reeve, Mr. O. Smith, Mrs. Honey, and a large proportion of the Adelphi company, are engaged to act the Adelphi pieces at the Surrey Theatre. This is announced in the bills in English bad enough to do honour to the present state of Covent Garden and Drury Lane: however, the importations are very likely to answer the manager's purpose, for all that. What tasteful inhabitant of Surrey, for instance, can resist the attraction of "Mrs. Honey, attended by her numerous flocks of Naiades, sporting and bathing in the limpid streams of the Coral Caves"? Surely not one.

MISCELLANEA

London University.—The report of the Council has been published, and is most satisfactory. The number of students entered for the present session is such as to enable the University, for the first time, out of its proportion of the fees, to meet the annual ordinary expenses of the institution. This, it is reasonable to believe, is the result of the establishment of a Senate, and of entrusting the general management to the Professors, who have a direct personal interest in the success of the University. When the propriety of so doing was suggested at the General Meeting of 1833, (taking a guarantee from the Professors for a certain annual income, and a resolution to that effect proposed), it was thought by the Council to be impracticable, and, in deference to their opinion, the resolution was withdrawn, although the feeling of many proprietors was made manifest enough in its favour. The suggestion, however, seems not to have been lost sight of, and we infer from the report that arrangements to that effect were forthwith made: and we are of opinion that the flourishing situation of the University is mainly attributable to this judicious change. The following is a statement of the amount of fees received in each faculty during the last and present session, on the 22nd February:—

| | 1833 | 1834 |
|----------------------------|-----------|-----------|
| Amount of Fees received in | £ | £ |
| Faculty of Medicine..... | 4915 5 0 | 5531 0 0 |
| Faculty of Arts..... | 985 5 0 | 1715 5 0 |
| Faculty of Law..... | 257 10 0 | 97 10 0 |
| | 6158 0 0 | 7343 15 0 |
| Junior School..... | 1814 10 0 | 2546 8 0 |
| | 7972 10 0 | 9890 3 0 |

The thanks of the proprietors were unanimously voted to the Professors. We have great pleasure in adding, that a munificent donation of 1000*l.* was announced from an unknown friend, and a liberal offer by J. M. Morgan, Esq.,

to endow with one hundred pounds a year during five years, a Professorship of Education, subject to certain conditions.

University of Dublin.—The following new regulations respecting Medical Degrees, have been lately agreed to:—A Bachelor of Arts shall be entitled to a *Licent ad Examinandum*, for the Degree of Bachelor of Medicine, on producing certificates of his having attended the following eight courses: if the certificates show that during each of Four Sessions, he attended one, and not more than three, of the courses which begin in November.—The degree may be conferred at the July commencements of his middle Bachelor year.—*The Courses:* The six courses of Lectures, delivered according to Act of Parliament, in their respective departments, by the six Professors in the School of Physic. One Year's attendance on the practice of Sir Patrick Don's Hospital; six months' Clinical Lectures in the same. A course of Lectures on Midwifery, by the Professor of Midwifery of the College of Physicians.—The effect of these regulations will be, to shorten the length of standing, and increase the amount of lectures required.

Beethoven.—The anniversary of the death of the composer was celebrated at Marseilles, by a grand Musical Commemoration, which took place in a church, where 335 vocalists and 142 instrumental performers were assembled. Among the pieces which elicited the greatest applause were, Beethoven's Funeral March and Cherubini's Requiem, equally admired for the grandeur of the compositions themselves, as for the admirable style in which they were performed. The Concert, as might be supposed, was numerously attended, and produced a sensation in the town and neighbourhood.

Paris Exhibition.—The collection amounts altogether to 2,314 works in oil and water-colours, sculpture, architecture, engraving, and lithography, being less by 1,000 than that of last year; the exhibition is said to be superior to the last in its historical paintings, but below it in sculpture. The French critics, in explanation, contend that the exhibitions succeed each other so rapidly, that sufficient time is not allowed the artist to work up to the requisite degree of perfection the creations of his genius. This remark, however, might with equal justice be applied to the historical painters, who confessedly stand pre-eminent in the exhibition of this year. Messrs. Delaroche, Granet, Zeigler, and Horace Vernet, are admitted to have ably sustained their reputation.

Pré au Cleres.—The author of the Libretto of this popular opera, has already netted the sum of 28,000 francs from its representation. This is proof that French dramatic writers by no means lack liberal encouragement; and we have reason to believe that the new law regarding dramatic productions in this country, is working well, and to the satisfaction of our own.

Carnival at Florence.—(Extract from a private letter).—Our Carnival has passed off with its usual court balls, and a few English ones. The Opera is seldom good at such a season, as the manager is sure of full houses, whatever may be advertised; but, this Carnival, it was miserable. To keep us in good humour, we were promised an excellent company in Lent, and a new opera by Donizetti, with most original and enchanting music. The fame of this composer led us to expect a treat, although his last year's *'Parisina'* was decidedly inferior to his *'Anna Bolena'*; but every one likes to expect pleasure. Lent came, and with it *'Rosmonda'*—our own English Fair Rosamond!—and everybody was disappointed. There is nothing original in the music; on the contrary, we are either reminded of other composers, or catch the echo of Donizetti's former airs. Still, the house is tolerably well attended, owing to the attrac-

tion of La Tacchinardi. Her voice is delightful, and wonderfully sweet in its highest notes. Report says, she is by no means so young as her appearance would lead us to believe, but yet she is young enough; indeed, such power of voice is impossible in a girl of seventeen, and she seems no more. Her youthful figure, her loveliness, and her quiet (though not timid) action, gave an appropriate interest to the victim of the jealous Eleanor: but we missed the labyrinth at Woodstock, and the cup of poison; in a garden walk, at dusk, with a bare dagger, seemed but a poor exchange for the machinery of the old romance.—As balls cannot be given during Lent, and as the theatres are closed, except one with a puppet-show, the English have got up private theatricals. Nothing can be better for those who have nothing else to do. Studying a character, and selecting the most suitable and becoming of all possible dresses, occupy hours, and even days, of enviable excitement. Then, when the night arrives, and "everything is in extremity," who so happy as the performers? As for the audience, they must be happy, for they do nothing but applaud, and take refreshment.

A Fool's Advice.—When Leopold, Duke of Austria, was about to invade Switzerland, he held a council of his nobles, at which the court-jester was present. After matters had been arranged for the march of the army, the Duke asked the jester, what he thought of their deliberations: "Just what I thought of the mouse we caught last night: every one told you how to get into the trap, but no one said a word about getting out."

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of W. & M. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. Noon. | Winds. | Weather. |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|------------|------------|
| Thur. 20 | 51 30 | 30.44 | E. to N.E. | Cloudy. |
| Frid. 21 | 48 39 | 30.41 | S.E. | Idem. |
| Sat. 22 | 55 36 | 30.20 | N.W. | Idem. |
| Sun. 23 | 53 45 | 29.95 | W. | Idem. |
| Mon. 24 | 50 33 | 29.58 | N.W. | Clear, &c. |
| Tues. 25 | 50 27 | 29.60 | N. | Idem. |
| Wed. 26 | 50 37 | 29.93 | N.W. | Idem. |

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrus, Cirrocumulus. Nights and mornings fair throughout the week. Mean temperature of the week, 42°. Greatest variation, 28°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.01. Day increased on Wednesday, 4h. 42°.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Lays and Legends of France, and Lays and Legends of Ireland, by Mr. W. J. Thomas. India: a Poem, by a Young Civilian of Bengal.

Just published.—Heraud's Judgement of the Flood, imp. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*—Walker's Georgics of Virgil, 8vo. 6*s.*—Life of Lady Jane Grey, for Young Persons, 6*s.* 4*s.*—Bowler's Sermons on the Church Service, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*—Ramage on Consumption, 8vo. 8*s.*—The Book of Butterflies, by Capt. Brown, Vol. 3, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Edwards's Memoirs of the Rev. Elias Cornelius, with Preface by Jones, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—A Year at Hartlebury, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*—The Language of Flowers, with coloured plates, 18mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Valpy's History of England, with Illustrations, Vol. 3, 5*s.*—Valpy's Classical Library, Vol. 52, and last; Livy, Vol. 7, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Coombe's Principles of Physiology applied to Education, 12mo. 6*s.*—Kay on Asphyxia, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Naveyar on Light, 8vo. 4*s.*—Life of Samuel Drew, 8vo. 12*s.*—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 3, 3*s.*—Europe during the Middle Ages, Vol. 3, 6*s.*—Aldine Poets, Vol. 29, Swift, Vol. 3, 5*s.*—Coleridge's Poetical Works, Vol. 2, 5*s.*—The Legitimate Consequences of Reform, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Greenwich, its History, Antiquities, &c., by H. S. Richardson, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Moat's Short-Hand Standard, 8*s.*—Cleone, by Mrs. Lemon Grimstone, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*—Mary Ogilvie, a Tale by the late Andrew Picken, illustrated by Seven Engravings on Wood, by R. Cruikshank, royal 18mo. 5*s.*—Cruikshank at Home, 2nd Series, 1*l.*—Letters and Essays, by R. Sharp, 8*s.*—The Revolutionary Epick, by B. Disraeli, 9*s.* 6*d.*—Library of Romance, Vol. 11, the Sea Wolfe, 6*s.*—Howell's Sermons, Vol. 1, 8vo. 12*s.*—Harding's Elementary Art, 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.*—Ingram's Life of Simonds of Oxford, Vol. 1, 8vo. 18*s.*—Allan's Life of Walter Scott, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Memoir of W. Warburton, 18mo. 2*s.*—The Vigil of a Young Soldier, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Errata.—In the article 'On Change of Climate,' page 208, 2nd col., l. 39, for *line*, read "vine;" l. 37, for *procession*, read "precession;" l. 30, for 20,000, read "20,000."

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